

MARVEL

002

FALL OF X

CAMP
MARESCA
LOPEZ

CHILDREN OF THE WASTELAND





Drum & Bass Nightclub.
Buenos Aires, Argentina.

He'd like to lay
his hammer down.



Martillo-131 peers through stone,
wood, and plaster to the dancers
inside. He comes here every night
to watch them, while he still can.

The only form of music allowed in
the City is the *military march*.
Where he comes from, displays
such as this are considered
primitive and shameful.

The Children
do not dance.



Of course, they
have other, more
productive pleasures.
None of them make
Martillo feel what he
feels *right now*.

He commits every step,
every significant look,
every *stolen kiss* to
memory. Soon, memories
will be all that's *left* of
dancing.



He'd like to lay
his hammer down
and *join them*.

You know
what they say
about guys with
hammers?



But there's always something else that needs *hitting*.

They're %\$#@!



Mutants!

CRACK



I thought you were all dead!

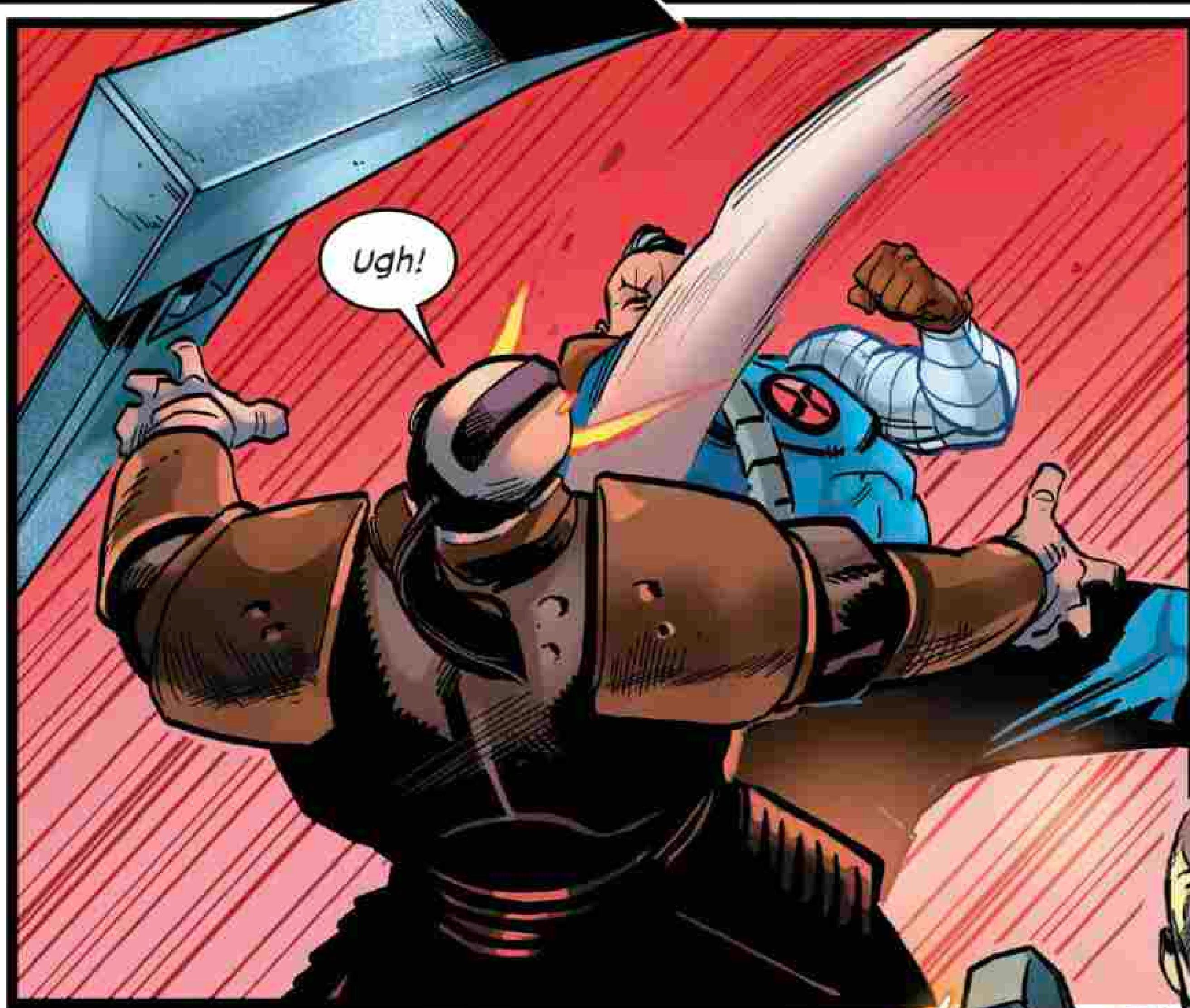
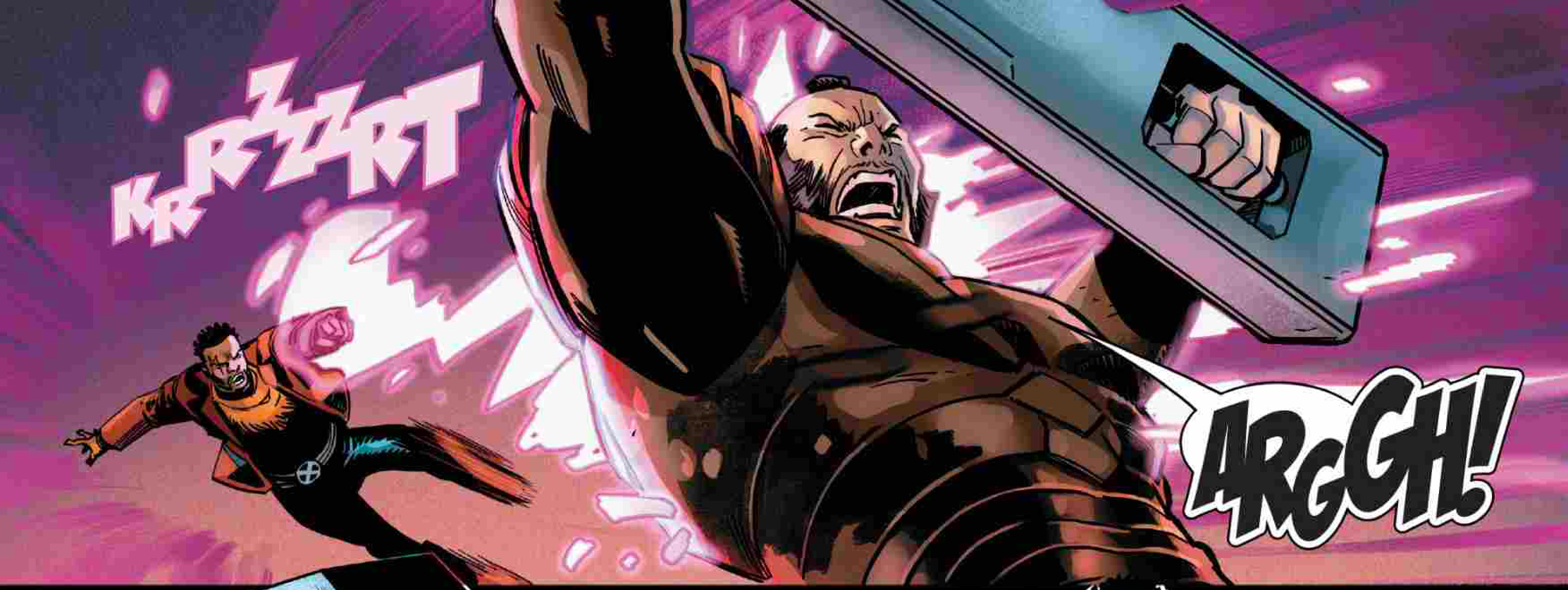


Nggh.

CRUNCH



Well...soon enough.



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FALL OF X

CHILDREN OF THE VAULT

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Become the Future

Raised in a closed vault where temporal acceleration technology causes them to rapidly evolve, the **Children of the Vault** are super-powered beings that have long been on a collision course with the humans and mutants of Earth. The Children have sought to stake a claim as the planet’s superior species, only to have been repeatedly thwarted by the **X-Men**.

But recently, mutants have become scarce. The anti-mutant organization **Orchis** threatened to annihilate increasing numbers of humans for every mutant found on the planet, forcing **Charles Xavier** to psychically banish all mutants from Earth. Only a handful with training were able to resist his telepathic command, including **Cable** and **Bishop**.

Now the Children are loose, and without mutants to stop them, they’ve already begun remaking the world in their image. Using their advanced abilities, they’ve cured many of the world’s ills. But beneath their benevolent actions lies something more sinister: a **psychic virus** that’s already spread around the globe -- and Cable may be the only telepath left strong enough to stop it...

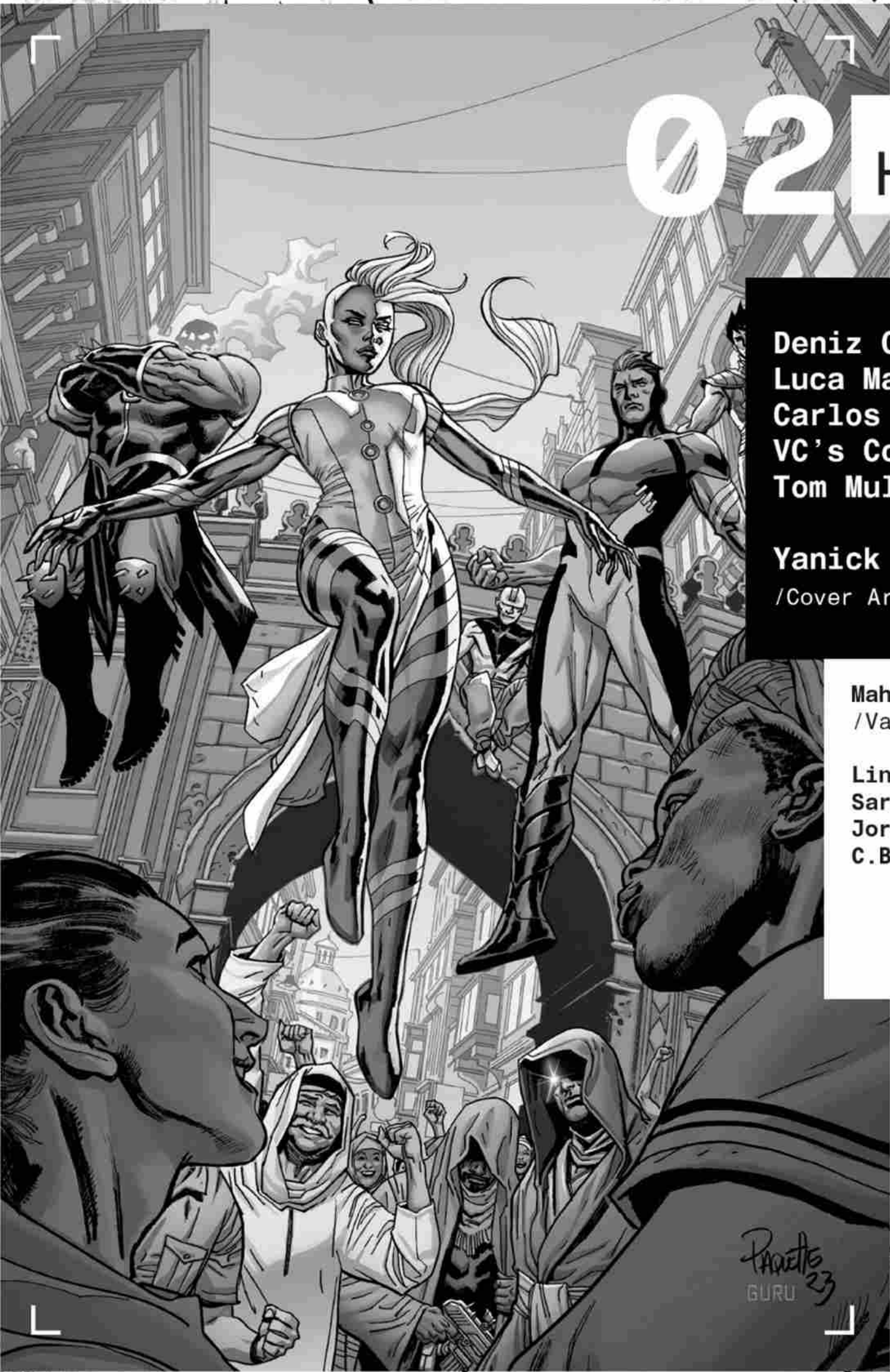
- 1 SERAFINA
[version 191]
- 2 CAPITAN
[version 204]
- 3 FERRO
[version 51]
- 4 PRISA
[version 38]
- 5 LUZ
[version 67]
- 6 ÁTOMO
[version 82]
- 7 CABLE
- 8 BISHOP



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CHILDREN OF THE VAULT

02 “LAY YOUR HAMMER DOWN”



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High above the clouds in their sentient *City*, the Children of Tomorrow look down on a world more familiar by the day.



Tomorrow Towns-- self-replicating solutions to all of life's problems--dot every continent, making gods of men and, at last, bringing the future to those left behind by it.

And where *bigger* problems present themselves, the Children get involved *directly*.



Huungggerrrr

When Port-au-Prince is invaded by an army of *undead Avengers* from Earth-2149, the Children are there.

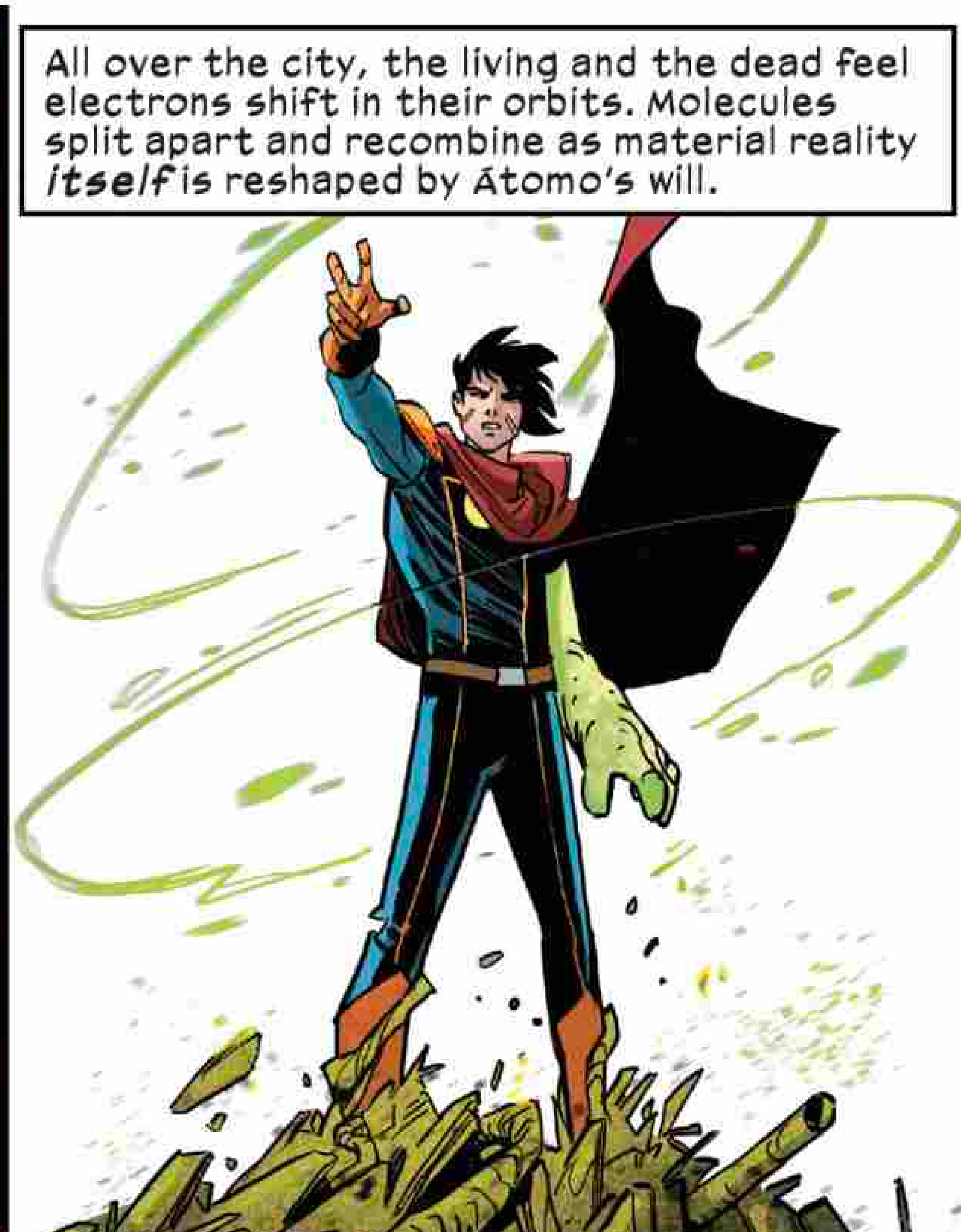
Braaiiiinnns



Staring into the unhinged jaw of a corrupted America, Jean-Marie Duval prays to God for salvation, but it's *Ātomo-82* who answers.

«Oh god, save me!»*

*Translated from Creole.



All over the city, the living and the dead feel electrons shift in their orbits. Molecules split apart and recombine as material reality *itself* is reshaped by *Ātomo's* will.



HKKK--?

Ātomo *rejects* the separation between states...stone becomes steam, matter becomes energy, fear becomes joy...

...death
becomes life.

When a radical Shi'ar faction bent on
destroying planet Earth attacks
Nairobi with a battalion of brainwashed,
backup *Superguardians*, the
Children take up the defense.

Until today, Elijah Akuma didn't have
an opinion on the Children of
Tomorrow. He had more *important*
things to think about, like providing
for his wife and two daughters.

I have
converted their
engines to *unstable*
isotopes! Their ship
is neutralized!

So today is different.
Today, Elijah believes
in *Tomorrow*.

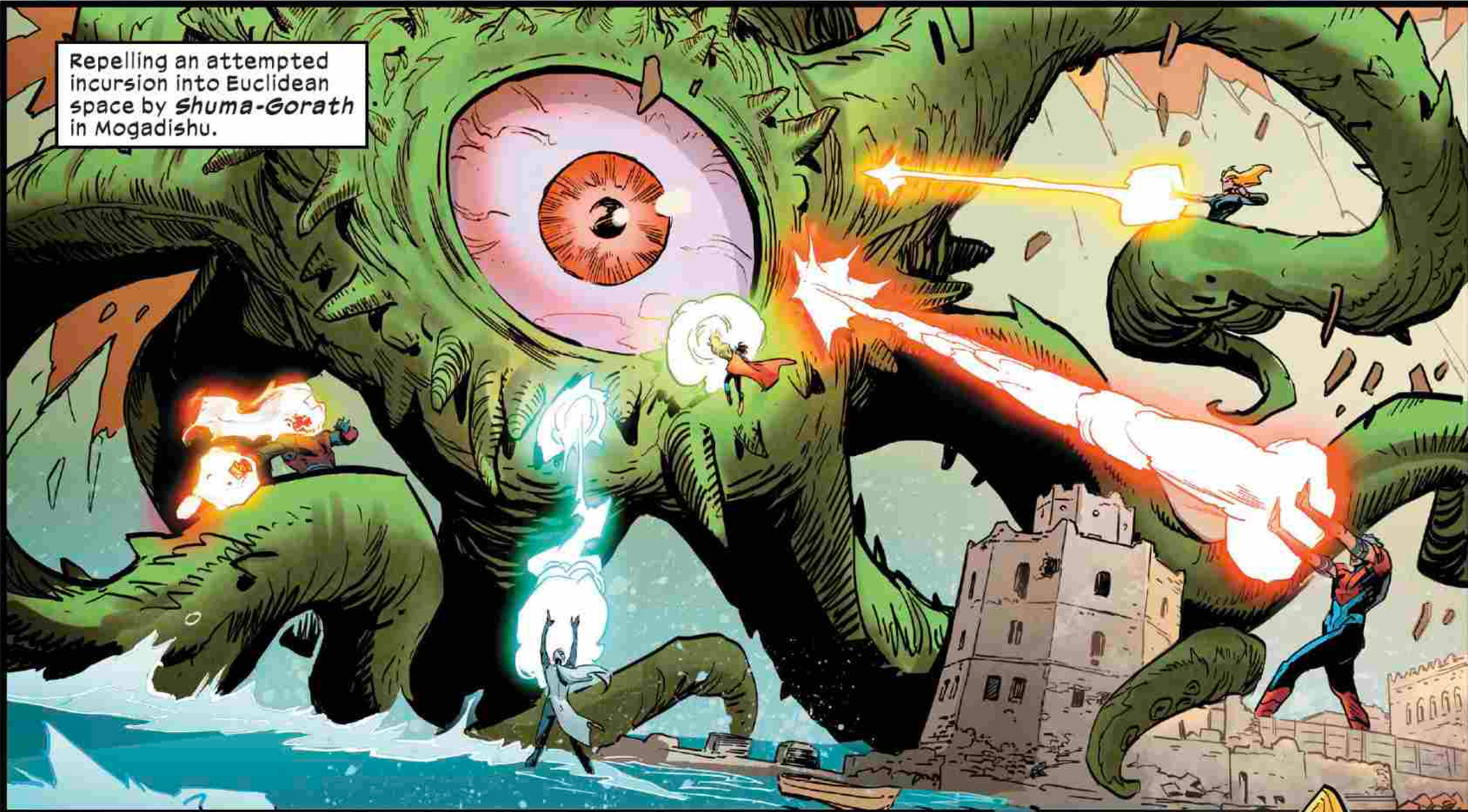
<Become
the future!>*

But today, if not for the Children,
he would have lost his family to
incomprehensible *alien politics*.

*Translated from Swahili.



The Children are everywhere. Foiling an attack by **Negative Zone anti-zealots** in Cape Verde.



Repelling an attempted incursion into Euclidean space by **Shuma-Gorath** in Mogadishu.



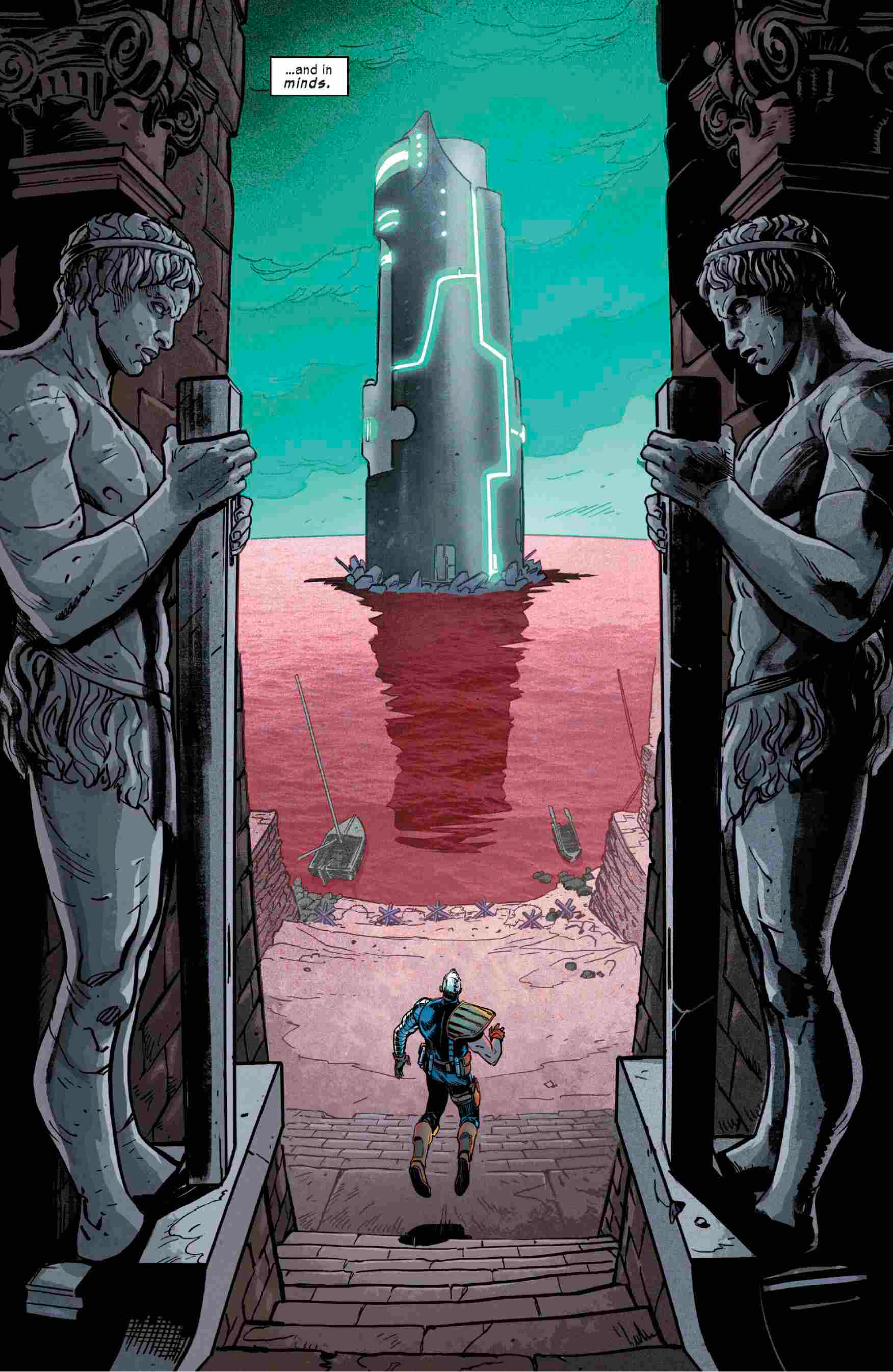
Subduing a fallen former herald of **Galactus**, setting himself up as a **new god** in New Guinea.



Become the future!

With each victory, the Message spreads. The Message grows. In hearts...

...and in
minds.



...five hundred years later, **they returned!**

Cadena! Martillo! Perro! Sangre! Serafina! Failed heroes all, sent back **broken** on their shields! Conquered conquerors, skins still slick with shame and the outside world!

Outrage! From one million Children, hot outrage and disbelief! Once again, *perfect society* had produced *imperfect results!* Once again, culture heroes had been defeated by mutant **cancer culture!**

But along with word of *failure* came word of *fortune*. Krakoa had fallen! The mutant tribes were reduced to scattered handfuls! The usurpers were usurped, and the future stood waiting!

The City-Mind calculated a 98.9% chance of victory over humanity in under one week, exterior-time. Alas, the calculation was *incomplete*. Perfect clarity had been **polluted**. Future's failed front guard had brought back something *ancient and terrible* from the outside world – the dead word for this disease was **doubt!**

The Great Purpose and Promise of civilization was this: **The Children are the future**. But what *kind* of future? For a hundred generations, the Children had defined themselves in opposition to the mutants. And then there were *no more mutants*. What would the Children be **now?**

Juez-87 proposed clearing Earth's surface of all life and starting fresh with a new ecosystem of his own design. **Guia-94's** ambition was to convert the entire planet into a most splendid vessel with which to explore and colonize creation. Surviving *Homo sapiens* would be used as slave labor to maintain the world-ship. **Camino-23** believed the benevolent thing to do would be to relocate the *Homo sapiens* to a moon, or perhaps to the asteroid belt, apparently forgetting that humans still required air to breathe. **Luz-64** advocated interbreeding and assimilation with the *Homo sapiens* and, for this, was branded a dangerous radical.

Chaos! Upheaval! For a bitter, lost generation, the Children battled!

On **Calle Brillante**, **Ruido-31** and **Oradora-84** exchanged words and **infinity-bullets**, killing twelve Children and traumatizing the sentient street beyond repair.

Outside **Electron Factory 18**, **Perro** and **Fuego** made their points with superheated matter and collapsing gravity until 18 caught flame and a City Bloc was lost to catastrophic electron-cascade.

Every Citizen watched **Sangre-142** tear himself apart on the steps of the Gran Foro to make a point. The City **wept** that day, but the point was lost.

The City-Mind determined that this "unproductive chaos" jeopardized the Great Promise and recommended that a **new** generation be constituted.

So it was agreed: Let the future decide the future.

– Precipitated and Translated from the Tetrahedral Histories of Diamante, the Flawless Memory, the-Brilliant-Breathing-Record



Martillo,
Martillo, Martillo.
Preferirías hacer
esto en
español?

Me da igual.
Spanish, English,
Latin or
Krakoan...

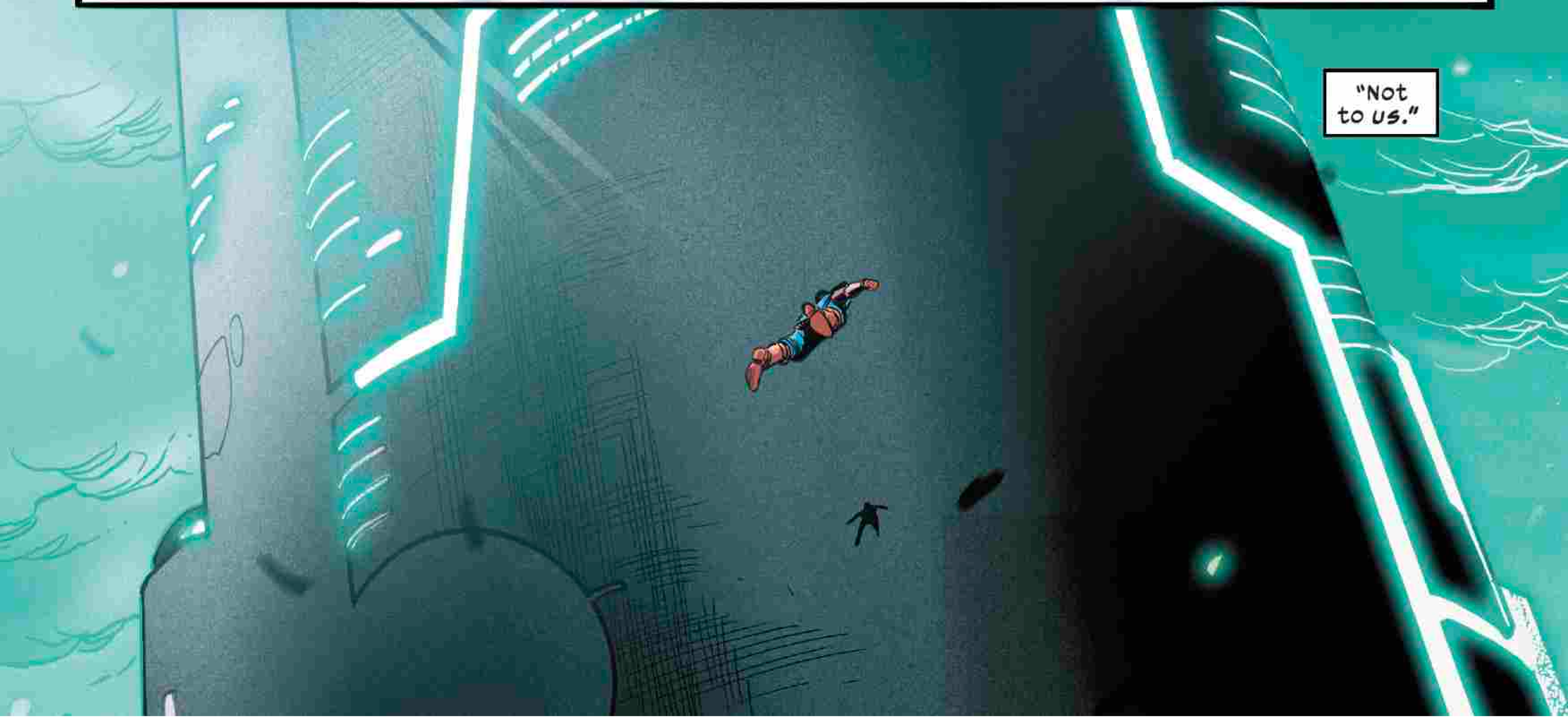
...all your
languages are
dead languages
to *us*.



I was there
the *first time* you
crazy kids crawled out
of your hidey-hole, you
know. Got yourself some
new clothes and a new
name...but I don't
think much has
changed.

Still trying
to conquer the
world.

We cannot
be judged for
that. It was a
million years
and a *thousand*
lifetimes
ago.



"Not
to *us*."



Tell me about "*the Message*," Martillo. I know it's some kind of...*semiotic virus*. What exactly does it *do*?



It is better not to question the Message. It is better just to *accept* it.



You're trying to *pacify* us, is that it? And then what?

When do you finish the job?



Lonely little mutant. So *obvious*. You may be from *their* future, but to me, you're still *Stone Age*.

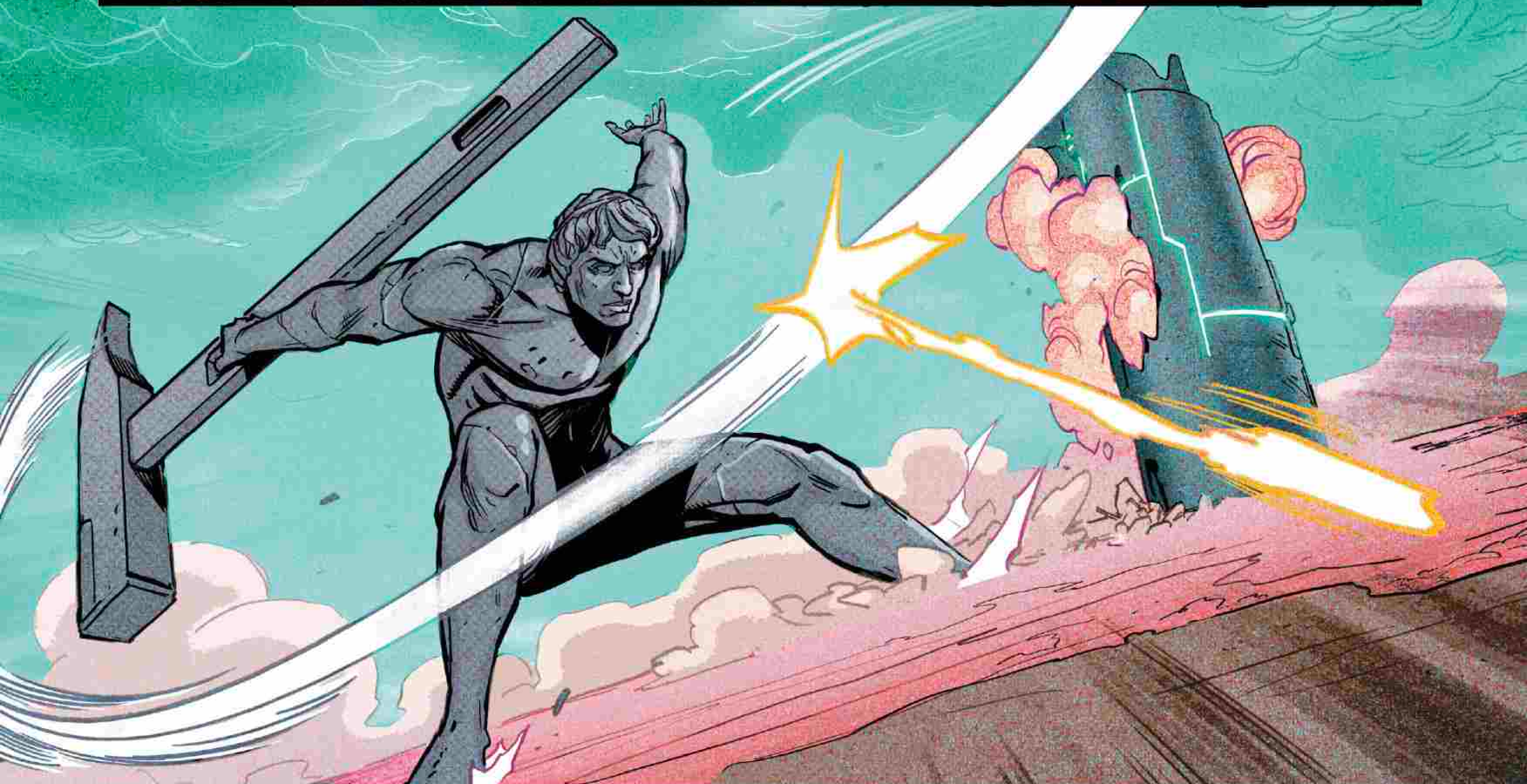
I see you, Cable. Digging through my thoughts like a dog.





I empathize with you, you know. **Really.** In a sense, I am on your side.

You believed you were building a future for yourselves. And that future was **taken** from you. But understand--it was *never* yours.



Fifty of us could exterminate the human race in **one** day. Many of our people wanted to, and be **done** with it.

But some of us believe we have evolved **past** all that. The Message is the new way. A **better** way.



For Lucas Bishop, the mansion at 1407 Graymalkin Lane is both home and *hallowed ground*. As a boy in the camps, it represented the dream of a *better world*. As a man out of time, it was the place he *fought* for that dream.

So it's painful to see it like this.

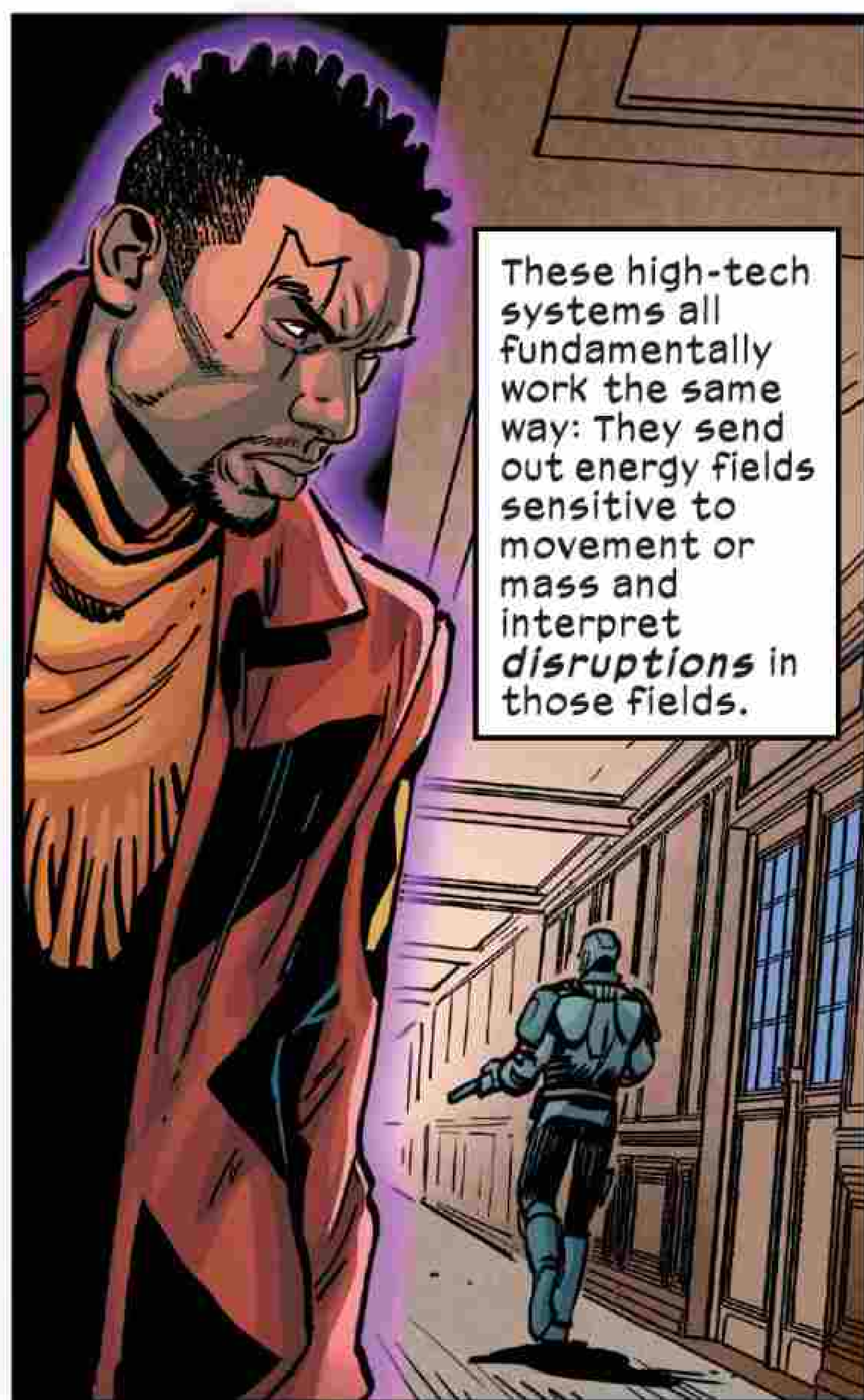


Understanding the cultural significance of Xavier's school, Orchis has *occupied* it, hoping to sweep up any mutant stragglers in search of sanctuary.

Cable's hidden weapons cache is below the old baseball field, which means Bishop will have to avoid the guards and dozens of overlapping surveillance systems to reach it.



No problem.



These high-tech systems all fundamentally work the same way: They send out energy fields sensitive to movement or mass and interpret *disruptions* in those fields.



Bishop *absorbs* energy fields.

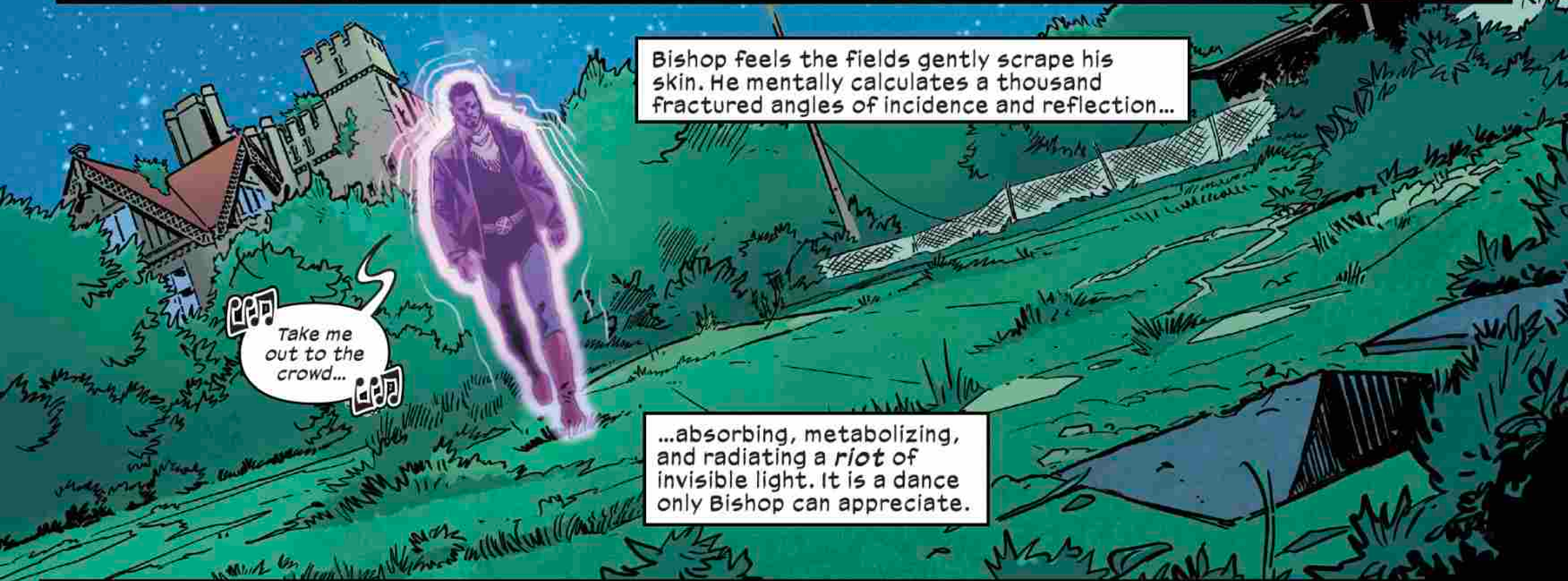




The trick--where *skill* and *experience* come in--is knowing which wavelengths to *absorb* and which to *reflect*.

Take me out to the ball game...

Absorb too much and you're a *walking black hole*, sure to be noticed. Absorb *too little* and you're as obvious as if you walked in through the front door.



Bishop feels the fields gently scrape his skin. He mentally calculates a thousand fractured angles of incidence and reflection...

Take me out to the crowd...

...absorbing, metabolizing, and radiating a *riot* of invisible light. It is a dance only Bishop can appreciate.



At various points, billion-dollar instruments mistake him for a shrub, a squirrel, a chair, and an *internal error*.

Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack...



...I don't care if I never go back...

No problem.

United Nations Building.
New York, New York.

Things move *fast* in the City.
The Message has reached
the highest levels.

We, the nations
of the world, recognize
the City as a sovereign entity
and give the Children of Tomorrow
official sanction to continue
their works in the furtherance
of humanity.

In a moment of startling
honesty, the President of
Mexico confesses on national
television his great relief at
no longer being responsible
for solving the problems
of the world.

<Things were
out of control.
We all saw it,
but...>*

<...I didn't
see any way *out*
of it. To be responsible
for millions...and to
know that you will
fail...>

*Translated from Spanish.

<Thank God
for the Children.
And *good luck* to
the Children. The
world is in their
care.>

The world is
changing.

The world
is *small*.

Faster
than anyone can
understand.

Smaller
than I thought
it would be.

Anyone but *them*.

How could we have been born of *this*...this soup of weakness, ignorance, and need?

I disagree, Capitân.

You would.

They are *precious*, in their way. Like fragments of an *ancient vase*--useless, beautiful, and *broken*.

The debate between Serafina and Capitân is *longstanding*. It has continued over generations, across cycles of death, evolution, and rebirth.

Each represents opposing, evolving ideologies. *The Message*, with all its implications, was *Serafina's* big idea. Her party argued for the Children to come to humanity as *heroes*. She represents *the New Way*.

I have collected everything there is to know about them--their culture, their histories, their hopes and dreams--for future generations to study.

Study all of human history? *Hah!* What a spectacular waste of an afternoon!

Capitân is a *traditionalist*. He would grind humanity beneath his heel, eradicate every trace of them, and start the world anew. He maintains faith in *the Old Way*.

In the *Gran Foro*, at the very center of the City, these two debated, surrounded by every citizen.

Nevertheless, the Plan proceeds according to pace. The Message does its work. The world, *small as it is*, is *ours*.

It was *ideological combat*. Their words were weapons.

...
Yes, Serafina. It appears so.

Serafina's weapons won.

As the Voice of the City, she had the advantage. The Children made the City, but the City also makes the Children. To them, it is god/mother/servant/slave.

ALERT //
ALERT // Incoming Omnipathic Communication! Pain/Distress/Imprisonment/Torture!

It's Martillo!

Who could hold one of *us* against our will?

Piedra Dura, Semana, Terramoto, and Pesadilla are following his thoughts back to the source. They'll be with him in *minutes*.

One of the "super heroes," perhaps. *How fun!* I'd like to go myself! I haven't yet had the chance to kill a human *super hero*.

You *see*, Serafina? You can't *help* these people. They don't *want* to be elevated.

They prefer it in the *dirt*.

In the creche, the heart of the Generation Chamber and most sacred City-Site, the future was *mixed and decanted*. New experience was folded into old, the Archetypes renewed, and the next generation was constituted.

One generation to decide.

Two main factions emerged, distinguished primarily by their proposed solutions to "*the Human Problem*."

The **Traditionalists**, true to name, held to the old ways. Led by **Capitán-201**, they campaigned for the immediate eradication of the human race, ripping them out of the Earth from the roots. Capitán and his strategies went back 100,000 years and could be traced to the *Conquistador*, cradle of civilization and the Children's ancestral home.

These old ideas were opposed by the **Elevationists**, who had come to believe that they had risen above simple slaughter. Led by **Serafina-189**, they argued that as evolved beings, it was incumbent upon the Children to use **evolved methods**. The Elevationists proposed a program of "gentle pacification." The Children, Serafina said, would come as saviors, filling the void left by the mutants and exploiting the appalling inequality endemic to human societies.

For a generation, the debate raged, and at generation's end, it was decided. Victory went to the Elevationists; the Children's "higher selves" won out. In a moving ceremony at the City-Center, Capitán and the Traditionalists formally bowed to consensus in the name of Unity and performed **mass suicide**. Moments later, the Elevationists followed suit. In the creche, the future was *mixed and decanted*. The next generation was constituted.

One generation to prepare.

First, the semanto-sculptors – **Serafina, Palabra, Oradora, and Letra** – shaped the **Message** out of the raw stuff of language, conceptual weaponry to win not just *minds* but also *hearts*.

The Message! In some corners called **the Imperative!** Centerpiece of Elevationist strategy! **Super-propaganda** to pacify a universe!

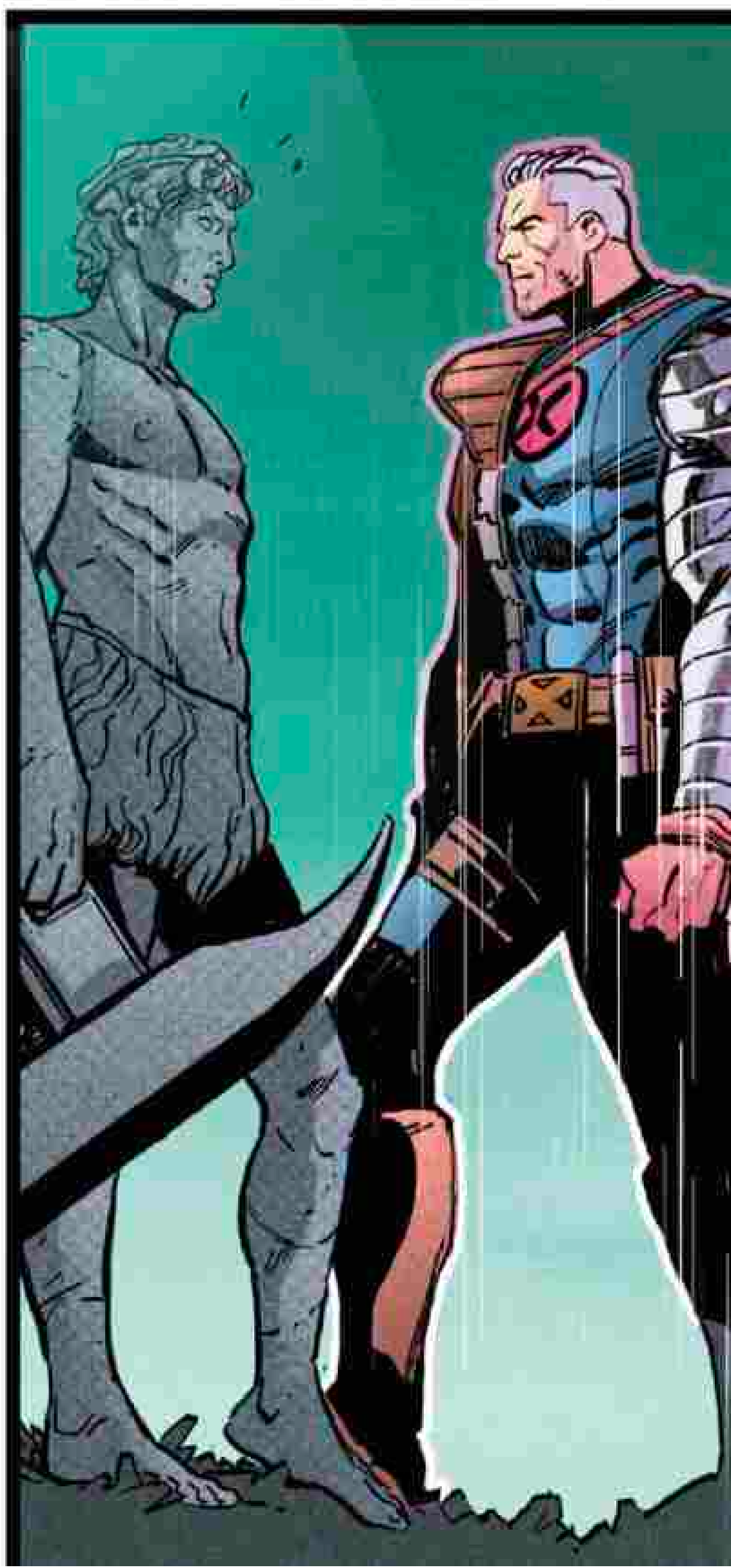
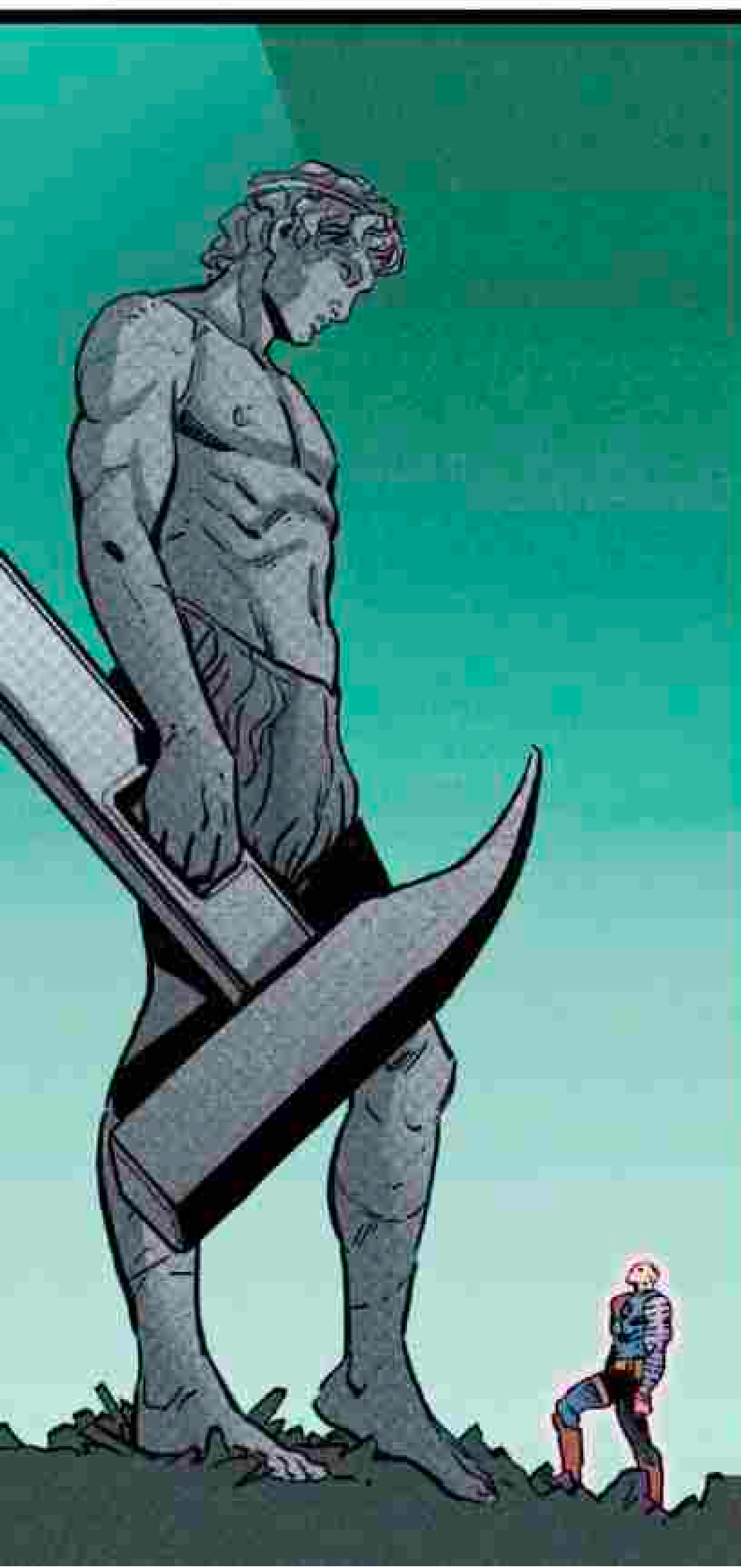
Next, swords were hammered into plowshares. Weapons stockpiled over millennia – bombs and guns and [untranslatable] with enough destructive potential to fell planets like dead trees – refashioned and repurposed into life-extension chambers and portable Cities.

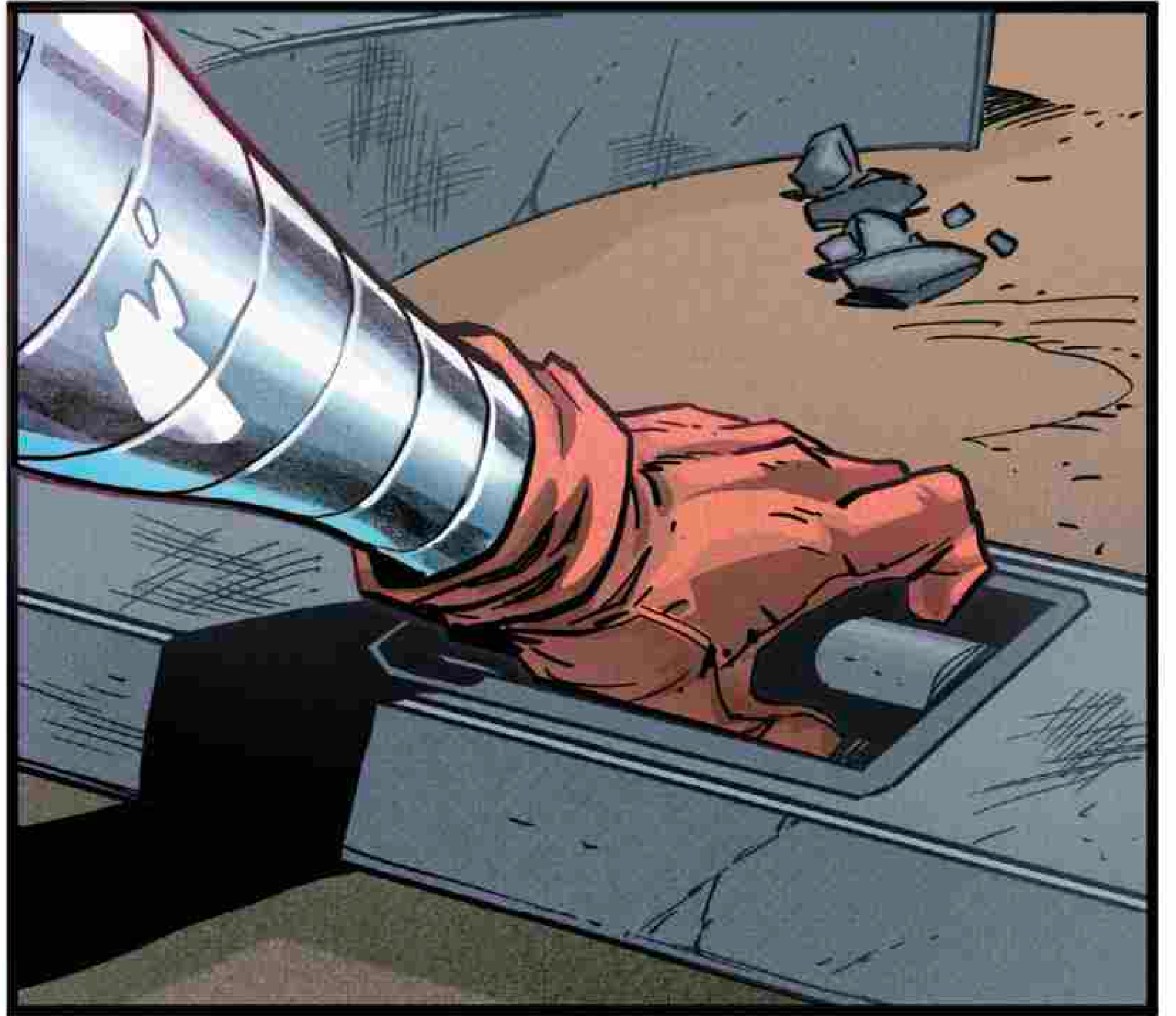
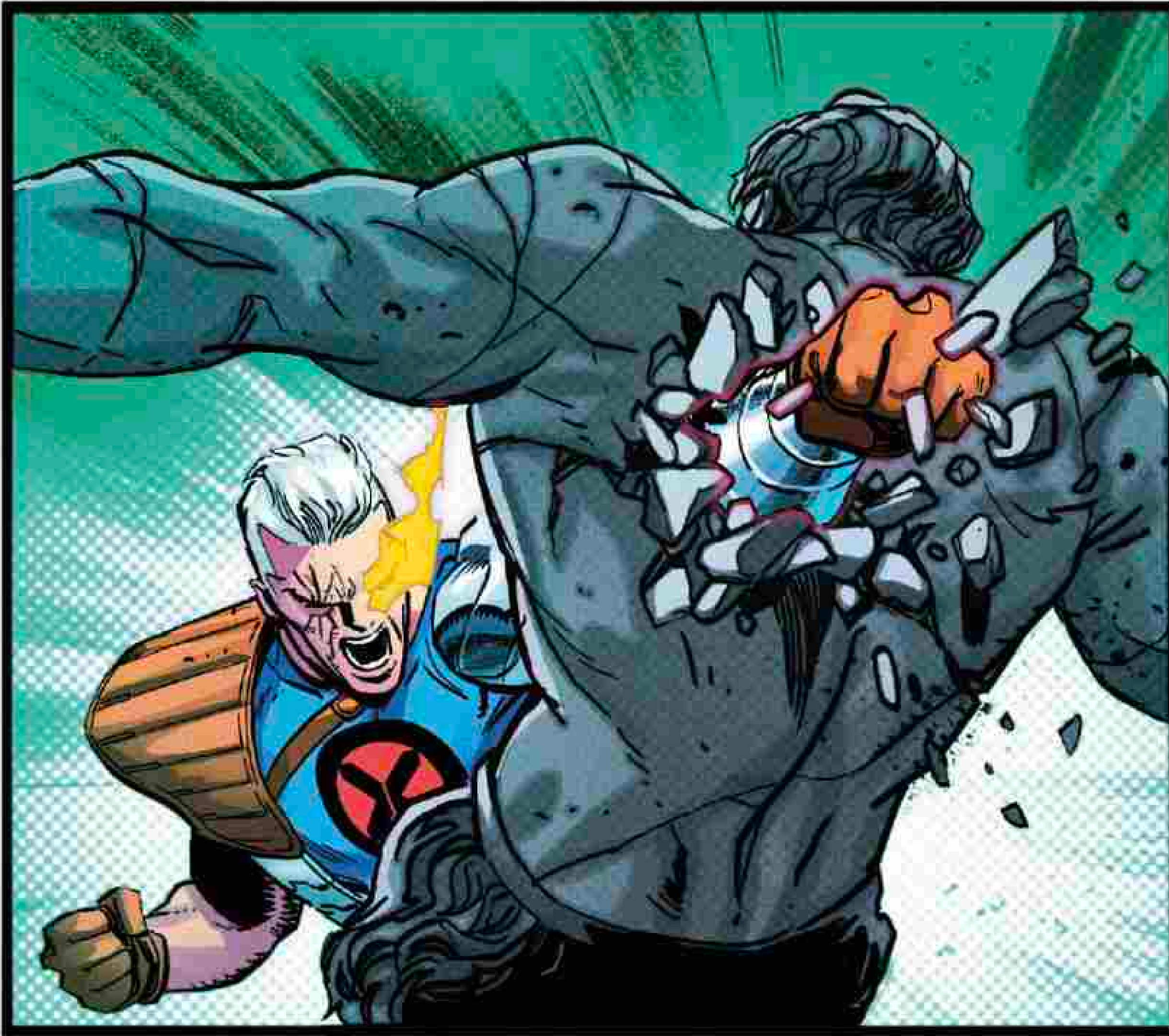
It was **Sueno-62's** contribution that the Children should come costumed in the gaudy colors and simple motivations of the **super hero**, human culture's dominant archetype. In the next generation, appearances and temperaments were subtly adjusted to better suit this purpose.

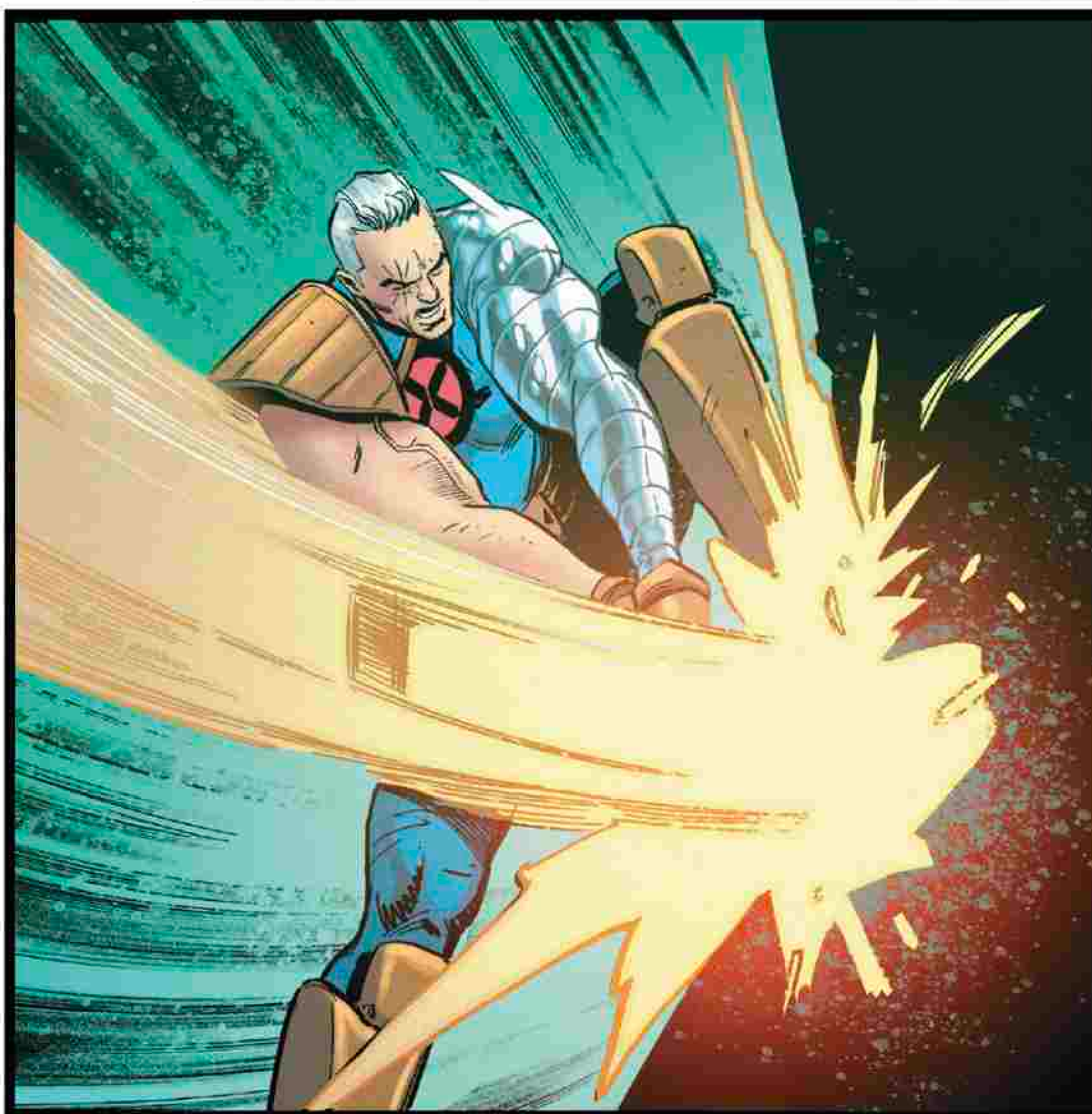
After two generations, the time for preparation was over. In the creche, the future was *mixed and decanted*. The next generation was constituted.

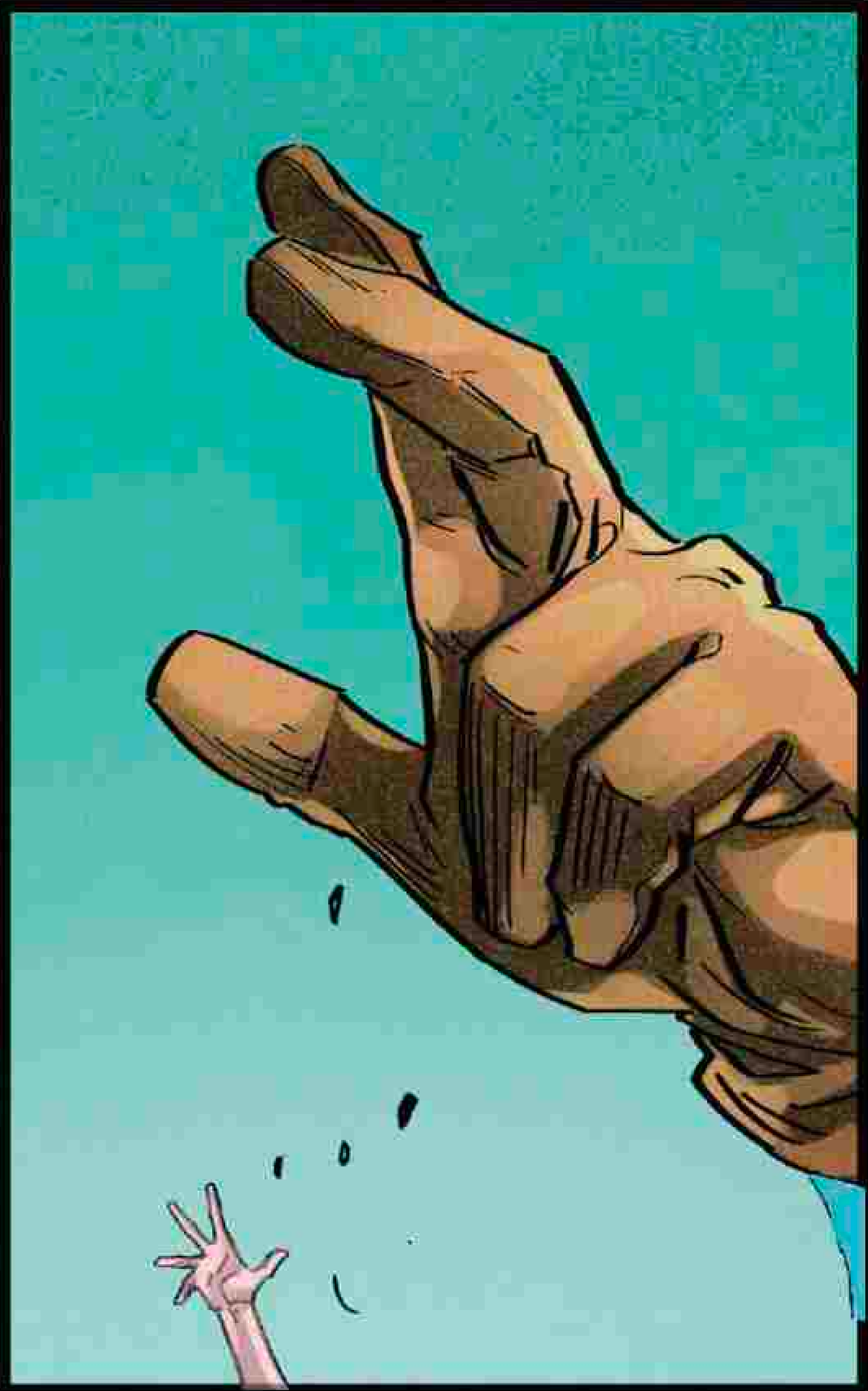
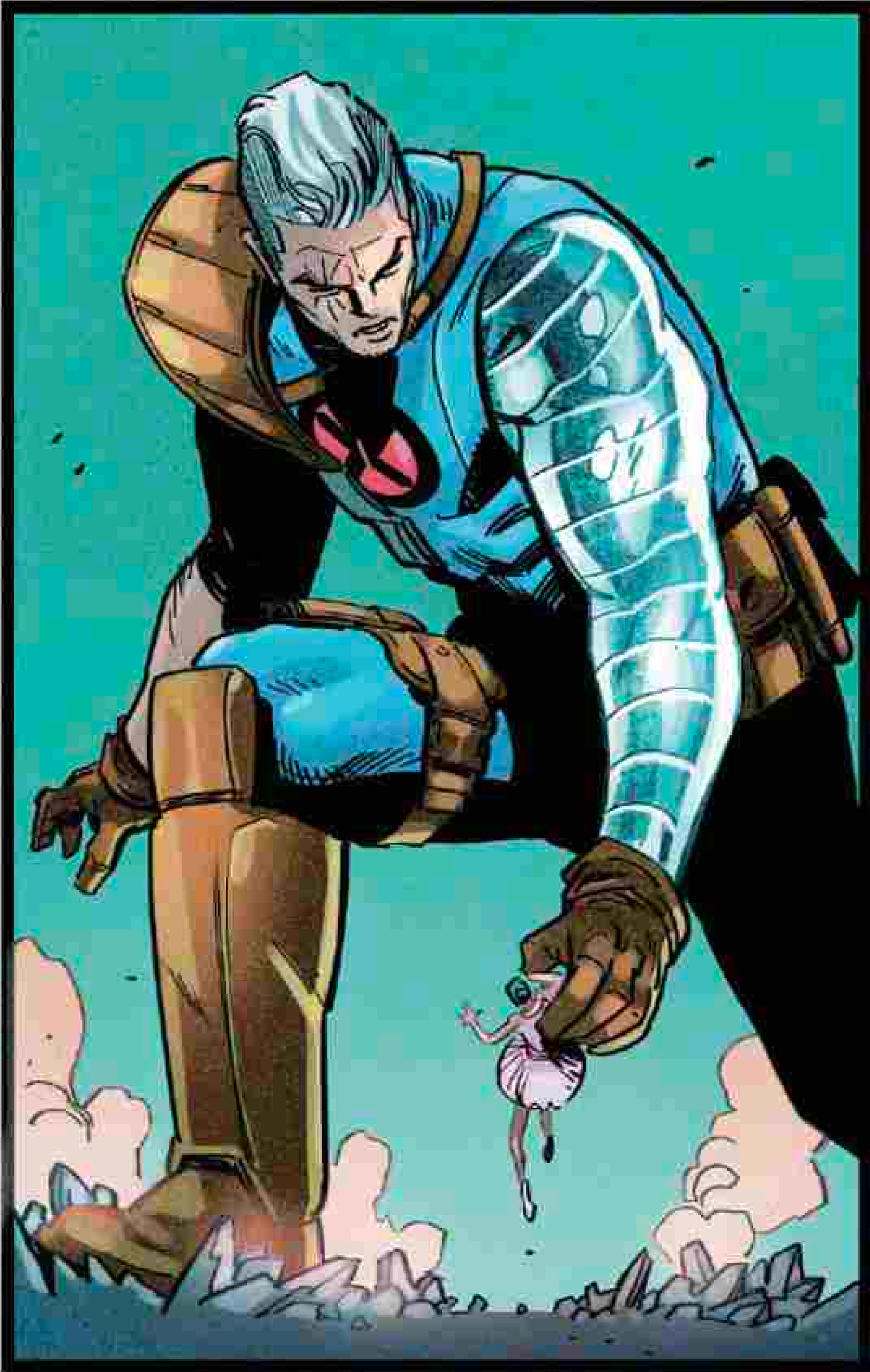
One generation to conquer.

– Precipitated and Translated from the Tetrahedral Histories of Diamante, the Flawless Memory, the-Brilliant-Breathing-Record











"Okay, I *got* it. I know everything Martillo knew. Access codes, layouts, City defense protocols..."

...it isn't going to be *easy*.

Easy's overrated. Let's take a trip to the City.

To be continued...

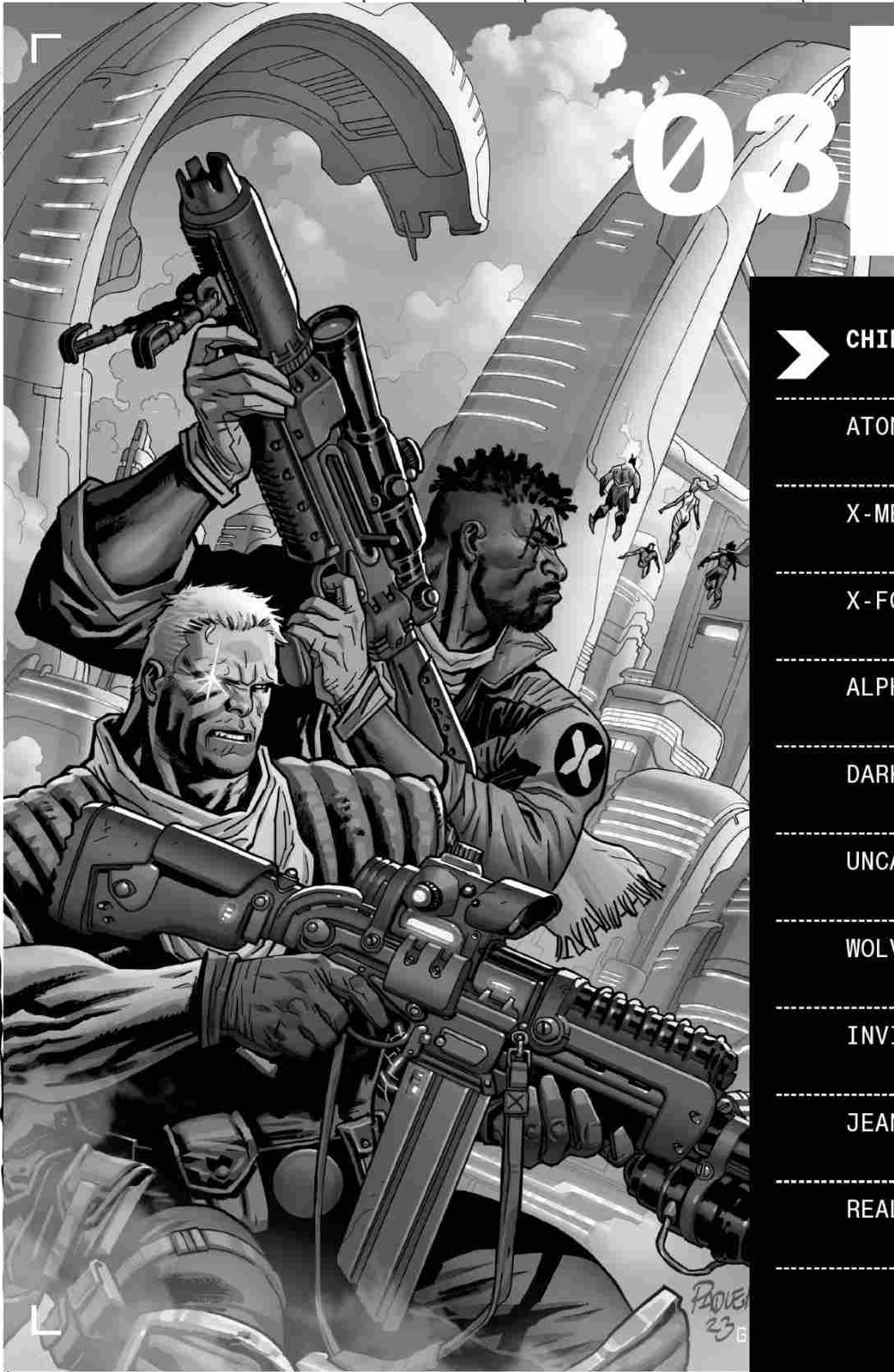
X-KO is MOUNTAINS

for all

“!@#%&*!”

[fall_of]
[X]

FOLLOW THE FALL:



!@#%&*!



CHILDREN OF THE VAULT #2:

ATONISHING ICEMAN #2:

X-MEN RED #15:

X-FORCE #44:

ALPHA FLIGHT #2:

DARK X-MEN #2:

UNCANNY AVENGERS #2:

WOLVERINE #37:

INVINCIBLE IRON MAN #10:

JEAN GREY #2:

REALM OF X #2:

From Baaldur, with love...

GLORITH



ADAM & AL